



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



HN 1F74 0



4381

55

ADDED TO THE

BOSTON LIBRARY

No. 18 BOYLSTON PLACE.

Fifth day of *February* 1872

to be returned in *7* days.

A fine of three cents will be incurred for each day
this volume is detained beyond that time.

22

CANCELLED

1940

1900

55 / NOV 6 - NOV 18

THE LADIES OF LOVEL-LEIGH.

BY



THE AUTHOR OF

"MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS,"

"THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES,"

&c. &c.

2 *Shelton*

"Out of God's choicest treasury we bring down
New virtue to sustain all ill—new power
To braid life's thorns into a regal crown.
We pass'd into the outer world to prove
The strength miraculous of Sisters' Love."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1862.

~~SL 8381~~

~~Y.3~~

KD4381



THE LADIES OF LOVEL-LEIGH.

CHAPTER I.

“His voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage, and discretion must, from men
Endued with reason, ravish admiration.
From me they did.” JOHN FORD.

Rose's Journal.

I LIKE London. I like to drive about, and see all the carriages and horses, the crowds of people, the bustle, the fuss, the different expressions on different faces; and when any appear to me more deeply moved than others, I speculate upon the cause, no doubt vastly different from the reality.

But I am tired of all this incessant running after fashions and fine clothes.

It is pretty and nice for an amusement, but to be the sole occupation of one's life, is painful. More painful is it still to see the worship of it. That old lady, of high rank, they said,—richer than rich, how she sat this morning, hour after hour, debating on some dresses to take down to the country. "No one was to have the same; Mrs. Watson must assure her of that. She heard she kept a young woman shut up, solely to invent new trimmings; she would give twenty guineas to the girl, if she invented a new and original fashion for her, to be called by her name." A sorry ambition that. And the anxiety of some of the girls to have their dresses sooner, better, more tasty, than some other girl who is to be at the same party.

Eve alone was justified in daily seeking a new dress; she had to weave hers out of leaves and flowers, every day fresh and sweet.

I think I should have liked that. It must be true that I am whimsical. How strong whims are! A few months ago, I thought this life happiness; now I am weary of it. I like to go to sleep, and dream. Sleep is a wondrous key put into a closed locked door, which, when opened, discovers beautiful fancies that arise into marvellous deeds, palaces of fairy structure, panoramas of exquisite cloud things, and sweet, soft, luscious music all the while; dream eyes see what wakeful ones cannot. I shall tell Mabel that; and I shall tell her I have had enough of this life. I wish now to go to the sea; so does Otto. He and I have not now to learn that when we two wish a thing 'tis very likely to be done. Mabel will be glad — glad, I know, to have her little wayward Rose back again; but I think Mrs. Watson was wrong to tell her of my lover. The little dumb Rose has a lover! The handsome young cavalier who accompanied Lady Arlington, and is her half brother, I believe;

very rich, very much in love with me ! He writes little notes, and sends them to me. I only opened the first ; all the others I give to Mrs. Watson. Sometimes they are thrown into the carriage window, sometimes they are given to the girls to give to me—those poor girls always to be dress-making. When we go back to Lovel-Leigh, when I am safe again by my father's grave, I shall have some of my present companions down, to see what the glorious country is like. What a wealth of trees—what a richness of green—what beauty in the budding chestnuts ! The flowers, with their scented breath, rising up like pretty maidens, gaily clad ; and the arbours latticed in with ivy meshes, through which we see the lake, and hear the cool sound of the plashing water ; and then at night, when the lady moon comes out, and rides through the heavens, with the stately majesty of a virgin queen, all the little stars crowding to worship her, she looks down on the lake, and her image is reflected on its bosom

like a jewel; and the little stars do the same, making her rich with gems, while they tremble, with excess of happiness, at the beautiful sight. But here, here in this London—I am interrupted. A message from my Mabel to come to her; the carriage sent; Mr. Moore's housekeeper in it to take care of me. I don't anticipate evil, so I obey; bespeaking a happy evening, and the certainty that Otto and I will make a request that shall be granted. Then we shall behold the sea!

Two hours later.

My Mabel sent no message. This is the history of my adventure.

As I stepped into the carriage, I noticed the Arlington liveries, but only as he shut the carriage door did I see the footman was not Otto's.

I turned instantly to the woman seated in the carriage, whom I had understood to be Mr. Moore's housekeeper. It was not the housekeeper, but a stranger.

As she saw that I was at once conscious of something wrong, she put her arm round me, and searching for my tablets, took them away. I made no resistance, I did not feel the desire to do so; no fear, but a little beating of the heart, as I suppose, other hearts beat, at the prospect of an adventure.

Mine, I presumed, consisted of being taken to Lady Arlington's; perhaps she wished to pour out upon me, who could not answer her, an uninterrupted torrent of wrath; perhaps my lover, her half-brother, would be there, and I should be made to listen to that which I refused to read.

I felt a little excited, but brave; and perhaps smiled to myself, with a little self-conceit, at the small good they would do themselves by this aggression upon my free will. Eyes often express scorn and defiance better than words can speak them.

Meantime, I looked perhaps with a little eagerness out of the carriage window. Once

or twice the woman pulled me back ; but still, spite of my bravery, I was not without a sort of longing to see a face I knew.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, the hour that London dines. Through the vista of a street I saw an unusual sight for London; the rosy clouds canopying the sun as he sunk to rest ; their exquisite colours causing the gay shops to look gaudy and meretricious; and those that were already lit up had a brilliancy borrowed from earthly tinsel, very different from the soft luminous splendour of the heavens. There was a stoppage at the corner of this street, owing to a concourse of carriages going separate ways. As my eyes fell from beholding the glory above down into the street again, I saw, gazing intensely at me, a face I knew—not that of a friend, or one who could know me, but the face of a hero known to all his country. One but lately returned from the scene of his heroic deeds, and whose portrait was emblazoned all over

London—one whose exterior was a fitting shrine to inclose a soul large as the expanse of God's goodness, for it took in all the world, in the high perception of its duties.

We had read all about him, Mabel and I, and compared all his deeds; all he had done in war, his bravery, his humanity, and talent; all he had done in peace, his wisdom, his firmness, his promptitude; all he had done now at home, his modesty, his self-respect, his calmness under the ordeal of an ovation that might have turned the strongest head. A gush of joy crimsoned my face to think that this hero had looked at me earnestly with his hero, eagle eyes; what a glorious thing to tell Mabel!

We dashed on; how eagerly I looked back and caught his glance again! I thought, "He will remember me; I am no longer a stranger to him; his is a glance that can never forget."

Before the colour had left my face, we drew up, with all the flourish and arrogance

that London servants delight to show, at the door of a large, dull mansion in a somewhat narrow street ; unlike its neighbours, the gas was not yet lighted in the doorway. It seemed the work of a moment for the carriage to stop, the door to open simultaneously with the house door, though there had been no knock or ring, and for the woman to inclose me tightly in her arms, and carry me into the house. Putting me down, she returned again to the carriage ; the door closed behind me with an ominous bang, and I heard her drive away. Another woman appeared, who also seized me, as if I was something wild and savage, and bore me up stairs into a large and lofty drawing-room, already shut in from the soft evening light, and blazing with three enormous chandeliers, one in the centre, and one at either end. There was no feminine look about the room ; all the furniture was arranged in set forms, as gentlemen's drawing-rooms are arranged at the clubs ; there were no

work-baskets, pretty things; on one table lay newspapers folded and arranged. Putting me down, she turned and left the room, locking the door after her.

As I threw myself into a huge chair covered with crimson velvet, the house shook with a loud rat-ta-tap at the door.

I could distinguish the running of feet in the house, and whispering. It occurred to me to try and open one of the window-shutters—they were barred and fastened with a strength that resisted every effort of feminine hands. Again a rat-ta-tap louder than before. I returned to my chair, so far touched with a sense of fear that I thought it safer to endure my fate sitting than standing. Rat-tat went the knocker; and at last it appeared that the knocking was heeded, for the door was opened, and I heard voices in expostulation and excuse.

They approached nearer; the words became distinct.

“I take the responsibility on my own

shoulders; if the young lady is going to Lady Arlington's, why is she brought to the house of Mr. Everard?"

I did not hear the reply to this; but the first voice spoke out again in clear tones, like a bell.

"You lie, fellow! I see it in your countenance; take me to the young lady; I will hear from her own lips if she entered this house at her own will."

I heard the words in answer.

"Mr. Everard is here; you had better see him."

"No; I will see the young lady first; tell Mr. Everard to meet me in her presence."

So saying, I heard a firm step coming nearer and more near; he tried the door—it was a folding door, though but of ordinary size, and, as I said before, had been locked. Impatient at this, I presume, with one vigorous push it burst open, and I saw enter he who had looked at me in the street—the hero, Sir Arthur Castleford.

Premising, before he entered, that, whatever fate had been intended me, I was now relieved from it, I had recovered my self-possession, and sat enthroned, with as much dignity as my little frame would permit, in the great velvet-covered arm-chair.

On seeing him, I rose, and courtesied, as it was my duty to do, to one so illustrious, and then I enthroned myself again.

He bowed lowly, and taking another chair, placed it close by me and sat down.

"I must entreat your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance; your youth and innocence must be my excuse. I think you scarcely know in whose house you are?"

I shook my head emphatically.

"I thought so," he answered eagerly.

"Then you pardon me?"

I took his hand in mine, and gently pressed it.

"Pray don't be alarmed. Let me hear you speak; let me hear you say you are glad I followed you. Struck with the

lovely child-face looking up at the sky with a wistful, perplexed gaze mingled with admiration, you passed before my eyes only to vanish again. Seeing the Arlington liveries, I felt as by an instinct there was a something wrong, and followed as quickly as I could. I knocked down two or three people in my haste, but they were so good as to pardon me."

Never had I seen so beautiful a face—beautiful with goodness, frankness, strength—such beneficent, kindly eyes—such power of brow—such sweetness and mobility about the mouth.

I did not wonder at any one pardoning him anything, if he asked the pardon with the smile with which he looked at me.

At this moment Mr. Everard entered, looking violently flushed and annoyed; the two, as they stood together (for Sir Arthur rose), might have embodied the angel Gabriel and Satan confronting each other, as in Milton's description—the dark,

Spanish-looking Mr. Everard wickedly handsome, and the fair Saxon hero with his sparkling blue eyes emitting forth the light of a lofty anger that disdained any concealment.

He made a sign as if to demand an explanation.

"My sister will be here directly," he muttered in answer.

"Then I will await her arrival," said the other, and again sat down in the chair near me.

"There is not the slightest need that you should do so," exclaimed Mr. Everard, hotly. "This is a private matter, in which you have no concern."

"Explain to me, in any terms you like, that you have a right to retain this young lady here, and I leave directly."

"She is here by appointment."

He was stopped by the angry gesture with which I refuted this statement.

"Everard, you are my kinsman, and I

wish to believe you. I cannot imagine your sister has anything in common with this pretty child, for she is nothing more. She is alarmed, naturally. Give her time to recover, that she may speak, and tell her real wishes."

I looked round the room for writing materials. He watched me with eagerness.

Meantime Mr. Everard again spoke.

"I will acknowledge to you, cousin, that she is here without her own consent. She is a young milliner from Mrs. Watson's establishment. I saw her there accidentally but once. Since that time I have endeavoured by every means in my power to engage her attention. I have written to her repeatedly. She cannot be ignorant of the admiration I have for her, as I have never yet lost an opportunity of showing it. Though at first I received encouragement, lately she has vouchsafed me none; and in despair I consulted my sister. She tried to penetrate Mrs. Watson's establish-

ment, for the purpose of seeing the young lady, who is of good birth, and of making to her honourable proposals on my behalf. But she was quite as unsuccessful as myself. You have but to look at the object before you, and you will not wonder at my infatuation. Totally without the means of making her understand that I desired to ask her to be my wife—at a loss to be assured she received my letters—my sister devised this plan, so that I might have an opportunity of pleading my ardent attachment *vivâ voce* ; and after allowing me a sufficient time to do so, she was to call, and, together, we would restore the lovely girl to her present home.”

“As dishonourable and base a design as ever entered a human heart,” exclaimed Sir Arthur. “You will allow me to take you home ?” turning to me.

I sprang up, was at his side in a moment, grasping his arm.

“Miss Lovel,” said Mr. Everard, “give

me at least the hope that I may see you again. The commonest laws of courtesy demand that you should listen to an honourable proposal of marriage, and vouchsafe some reply. You will, if it is but by one word, extenuate to my cousin this act (too arbitrary, perhaps, of bringing you without your permission to my house), by confessing I had no other means of proffering you my hand. I knew not your guardians, your relations, your past life, your future prospects. I knew nothing but that you possessed a loveliness which enslaved while it enchanted me; and to make you mine at all risks was the sole ambition of my heart. Surely such disinterested love will plead for me?"

"Disinterested, Sir!" interrupted Sir Arthur, haughtily.

"Yes, disinterested. A young person from the establishment of a milliner may consider an offer of marriage from a gen-

tleman of my consideration and wealth disinterested ! ”

“ She does not, evidently,” replied Sir Arthur, half smiling at the anger and indignation I expressed.

“ I will take nothing but words. Speak, Miss Lovel ! If my suit is distasteful, say so ; if you have hope to give me—oh ! be speedy.”

I made signs for a pencil, which Sir Arthur gave me ; and I wrote in large letters on the margin of a newspaper, one hand still on the arm I had clutched—

“ I am dumb.”

“ Dumb ! ” they both exclaimed aloud—the one in horror, the other in pity.

The latter was the first to speak.

“ My poor little maiden ! Thank God, I followed the impulse of my nature. Sweet-speaking, pitiful eyes ! I will do all you say. Go, Everard ; go as quickly as you can. Bring my mother here. You know she lives not twenty yards from this house.

I was on my way to dine with her when smitten with the beauty of this little face. Ask her to come here just as she is. She is a mother who would walk from one end of London to the other bare-foot, if I willed it."

Mr. Everard rushed out of the room as if glad to escape from an object of horror.

"Have you always been dumb? Never deaf? Excuse me—don't think me impertinent; I am Sir Arthur Castleford. Oh, you know that! So you know I am a most spoiled and arbitrary creature. You don't require speech; I understand your eyes far better than some people's words. You like me, then, and will take me for a brother? I prize the honour as much as any I ever had. I have sent for my mother because women are so quick to understand, and she will take you home, and be altogether a true mother to my fair little sister. You smile, and are happy. Would my sister dislike to

tell me whether she will favour my cousin Leopold Everard's suit? No; no!—emphatically no! I should say that means. He is one of the richest commoners in England—still no! He is reckoned the handsomest man in London—again no! not in your eyes, I presume. I am bound to acknowledge, as far as the young men of the present day go, he is a very good specimen. Hitherto I have thought him honourable, straightforward, and not without many proper ideas of his duty in this world, though at present but feebly demonstrated. Still that ominous no! Acknowledge that I have done my best for my kinsman in his absence? Yes! Hah! now we come to affirmatives. May I ask some more questions? Yes! You are no milliner's apprentice, but a young lady? Yes! One of the Miss Lovels, about whose property there is to be a trial? Yes! One is with Lord Arlington? Yes! She disdained her fiery

ladyship? Yes! When you smile, your face ripples all over into dimples. Then, you see, you owe it to her, not my cousin, this little adventure. Yes. She wished to revenge herself. You must know that, stumbling upon her one day in a fit of rage, I heard all about it; and the name of Lovel, spoken by Everard, gave me the clue to this adventure. Everard is very young, and madly in love. No! Oh! come, be lenient; excuse him a little. I know that when I love, when I have that delightful disease, I will gain my love, though a host should oppose me. I will make her mine (that is, if she loves me) if I had to undermine a mountain to get at her. Here is my dear mother, in good time to save me further rhapsodies."

And an elderly lady entered the room, whose countenance bore on it the expression and stamp that she was the noble mother of a nobler son.

I ran to her, and put up my face to be

kissed, which she did, at first surprised, and then again tenderly; and she took me on her knee. She was tall, and altogether framed on a very large scale, though not stout.

“What a pretty little child!” she said.

Then her son explained the whole thing; and seeing that I frowned as he mockingly alluded to my being a milliner, he repeated it, laughing. So I again took the pencil, and, with that odd, unaccountable feeling which makes us conceited about that which we need least be, I wrote:

“Mrs. Watson took me without any premium.”

“Oh, this is delightful!” exclaimed Sir Arthur, laughing more than ever. “My little adopted sister is so clever, she had to pay no premium for the privilege of learning dress-making.”

Half sulky, I ran back to Mrs. Castleford’s knee, and hid my face in the opera-cloak she had thrown round her.

"You are too young a brother to take these liberties," said Mrs. Castleford reprovingly. "Now, go directly and order me a carriage, to take this little one home."

"Mother," he answered, half coaxingly and low, "ask her to dine with you. I know that meal is waiting, and Osmond beside himself with wonder at the delay. And, Everard, will you join us? Leave word with your servant to inform your sister when she comes."

I may as well remark, no message was sent to him from Lady Arlington's while I was there. So I think he told a falsehood in saying he expected her.

I consented to dine, and Mrs. Castleford ordered a carriage to take me home afterwards; and I liked dining there very much. I did not care for Mr. Everard's admiration, which he lost no opportunity of showing, now that he had recovered the shock of discovering my muteness.

Though I was little, I was of a proud spirit ; and, from having to use signs for words, was skilled enough in showing how entirely indifferent I was to any feelings he might express, whether of love or aversion. At nine o'clock I was to leave, and I thought it came too soon.

My manner seemed to amuse Sir Arthur. A joyous spirit flings happiness around like incense. As we entered the carriage, his mother and I, to go, he asked my permission to call in the morning, to inquire after my welfare ; but, thinking Mr. Everard would probably do the same, I wrote down that I must go early to Cheam to see my sister, lest she should hear of my adventure before she saw me.

Mrs. Castleford delivered me into Mrs. Watson's kind hands, whose mingled affection, deference, and agony of mind at what had occurred, raised me, I saw, very much in that lady's estimation. To command respect is better than love.

CHAPTER II.

“Freedom and rest, thou wouldest have,
 Freedom is service meet;
 And rest of soul is but a name
 For toil amid life’s heat.

“In the outward world ’t is vain to seek
 The Eden thou would’st win;
 That ancient Paradise is gone,
 Thine Eden is within.” J. M. W.

Pamela’s Journal—continued.

WHEN I returned to Miss Woodville’s presence, there was the echo of a sob in her voice, and her lip quivered still. She was gentle and kind to me, praising the tea, and bread and butter, a thing unusual with her. After the tea-things were removed, I played on the piano for an hour. Then she said, “Come, get your work; I

have told you the first part of my story to please myself; you must hear the latter for your own good.

“My mother died, as I said, but I did not tell you that nothing became her in her life like her leaving it. This made me mourn for her, regardless of freedom and revenge, both arbitrary passions in their way.

“I sent for Aurelia, who had added to her sins, in my eyes, by having a baby—a boy—your Ferdy.

“Dr. Home was wise enough to warn the Bank to give no more credit to Mr. Wraxall, and so we had it all our own way; our turn was uppermost in Fortune’s wheel. But we had this much respect for the dead, that we made no unseemly use of our power until after the funeral.

“I had her taken home to lie by our father, which caused words to arise between me and Dr. Home; he thought it a waste of money! But when all was over,

and every last duty paid according to my wishes, I beckoned to my sister to come into the carriage and sit beside me, Mr. Wraxall and the two doctors coming up as if to accompany us.

“‘No,’ said I, ‘here we part. Dr. Home, I shall take Aurelia to your house, and leave her there; but I don’t associate with any but gentlemen, and I’ll never enter your doors again. Mr. Wraxall, provided you never address me by word or by letter, and never intrude your most detestable presence in my sight, I will allow you a hundred a-year. Drive on, coachman.’

“And I never saw either again.

“I left Aurelia, as I said. On parting, I warned her to consult some good lawyer, and get her money tied up for the benefit of her child or children, if she should be so absurd as to have any more. To perpetuate such a sorry race as the Homes, was, to my mind, a disgrace to the rest of mankind.

“‘You will find,’ I continued, ‘that Dr. Home will be so overwhelmed at the vastness of the sum he has got the fingering of, that it will turn his brain. Take advantage of this stage of idiotcy, and persuade him to make a settlement. You can alarm him into it by saying, if he does not, Mr. Wraxall will bully him until he gives up part to him—perhaps go to law. If that wont do, offer him a thousand pounds just to do what he likes with, on condition the rest is tied up. ’Tis astonishing the effect it will have upon him, the fingering of a thousand pounds in notes and gold. He will think life too short to spend the half of it. I am going abroad until the lease is up of Redheugh. If that baby had been a girl, I would have adopted it at once, and made it my heir; but I will have nothing to do with boys—ugh. Good-bye; I am sorry for you. If you had not been in such a hurry, you might now have been as happy and free as I am.’

“Thus we parted. And I went abroad, travelling about from place to place, staying for months where I happened to please myself, or met with people that I liked. But let me tell you, Pamela, that was very seldom. I had reason to think, in intercourse with other people, my poor mother was not the silliest person in the world. I am not sure if I don’t respect those who have no brains, more than those who have too much. Why did God make us, to deliver us over to deceit, folly, cupidity, vanity, and every other species of infirmity? I wearied of them all, and yet grew tired of the sameness of my life; all things being to please myself, I felt as if smothered in down. I did not care much for scenery, but so much as it had to do with human life; flowers, stars, rivers, mountains, woods and valleys were associated only in my mind with those of fellow-travellers like myself. Odd things—fairies, demons, ghosts—must have a smack of humanity

about them, before I cared to interest myself concerning them. Of course I felt a want; some folks might say I pined for love. Let them say it; God has, above all creatures, endowed us with gregariousness; and women are like the ivy, always in want of something to cling to. It might be that yearning of love which oppressed me. But, Pamela, I conquered it; no matter now; out of seventeen offers of marriage made to me in my lifetime, I never hesitated to say 'No' to any one of them. My loneliness, weariness, fatigue of life, was better to bear than an indissoluble tie with one of those creatures who bore the same appearance, wore the same sort of clothes, smoked, talked big, looked bigger, in exactly the same way as Mr. Wraxall. I have heard it said that, to know people, you must love them, accord them the highest place in your confidence and affections. I never made the experiment; I found everybody much alike, made up

of all sorts of different earths. Part pure, part coarse, barren sand, and rich loam, wherein virtues and vices throve one against the other. I was in many respects much the same myself; but I was always truthful. Though God has blinded me, I never told a lie.

“So, failing to interest myself in human beings, I tried literature. As for science, philosophy, poetry, art, I admired what was beautiful, pleasant, clever, but I cared to know nothing about their origin. The end of things was more to my taste than the beginning. I tried light reading; but as no novel depicted scenes of more vivid life than had occurred to myself, I could not interest myself in them. Besides, 't is such a narrow road between facts and fiction, I feared to lose that integrity of character upon which I prided myself.

“So, all things failing, I turned to God, and asked Him to fill my heart with a sense of security and happiness. ‘It is

the feeble soul only,' I said to myself, 'that has no heart-burnings. A large heart sighs for Heaven, for Heaven only can satisfy it. A noble spirit exercises itself in magnanimity, and such magnanimity must be obtained by exercising the soul in great temptations, high thoughts, and deeds that can trace their origin from the Essence of God.'

"I cultivated the society of religious people. I consulted dead and living Divines. At one time I gave my soul into the keeping of a warm-hearted, enthusiastic clergyman of the Church of England, who comforted me for my apathy and dulness by saying, 'The heart is never so near awakening as when plunged in deepest sleep.' It remained asleep for anything he did towards awakening it; and indeed I perceived, in most of his congregation, that they were so industrious in believing in God on Sundays, they forgot Him all the rest of the week.

“I then tried the Papist creed, being impressed by the remark of a priest dilating upon an image of our Saviour nailed to the cross:—

“‘The hands are nailed back to typify to us that the riches of this earth are not to be grasped. We may partake of them as from a bunch of hyssop placed upon a reed, and put to our mouths. The feet nailed to the cross, so are our feet nailed to the path of duty, let it be rugged and narrow as a piece of rough wood. The heart pierced, opened, to let out the evil within it; so must our hearts be pierced with sorrow.’

“I desired a mental crucifixion, and bought myself a cross to worship. I was recommended to try a convent, where alone I could find the perfect bliss I desired; but I asked, ‘Why must I make myself defunct on earth before the time decreed by God?’ If it was laudable to bury oneself alive in a convent, it was surely lawful to go out of the world altogether when tired of it.

“I sought out the histories of those famous ones who have been praised through all generations for killing themselves. In the search, I found few did so, who had not better have lived on ; and I discover it still more that many people existed, and suffered, bereft of hope or pleasure, and they were lauded and deserved laudation, above all.

“ ‘ The coward sneaks to death ; the brave live on.’

“ This maxim was much to my mind.

“ Well, Pamela, do you picture me to yourself in your mind’s eye? Twenty-five years old ; prettier than most women—why may I not praise God’s work?—clever, in as far as quickness of wit and a perception of character went ; no great depth of reasoning ; no power to condense my intellect on one subject ; no one thing more prominent in my character than another, so as to elevate me on a little hillock in the land of fame, for men to wonder at, admire, and envy.

I was an ordinary woman; my nature just soured when it was at its flow of luscious youth. All I wanted was happiness; where could I find her? I did not side so much for myself as to allow that I was faultless; but in truth I had not yet learned that vinegar can never turn again to wine. Providence had designed that I was to be ill-tempered, and I know the ill-tempered cannot be happy. So I am like the summer-house in the garden, that Giles told us of this morning, 'It wore a foine hoose still, but a wanted a soomit.'

" 'What's that, Giles?'

" 'Whoy! I doan't disactly kna, Missus, boot in d'fare wether, it doo let in noi raion, and i' the wat, it do let a' the raion roon out.'

"I was nothing; of no use to any one. I gave no sunshine to any heart; and was only so far praiseworthy that I let storms pour over me, and from me, without

troubling people to save me from the drenchings they gave me.

“I felt some indistinct gleams of the happiness of duty fulfilled. What was my duty? I experienced now and then a glow of good; but as the glow evaporated, so did the good. ‘Ignorance,’ I read, ‘is the only road the idle walk in,’ and I tried knowledge again, only to discover that if I pursued it at the rate I did, about the end of my life I should just have found the key, and fitted it into the lock that was to open and tell me all things.

“It was about this time that help came to me — I will say, from the hand of God, though death is the commonest event of life.

“I received a letter from the wife of the man who had a lease of Redheugh. He was dead; and she wished to be relieved from the agreement that bound them to keep it for nearly four years more. I was as pleased at this news as if I had been showered over with blessings; and, in my hurry to return,

acquitted the family of the forfeit the law allowed me for breaking their lease, and forgave them, without seeing the house, all endamagement and waste of my property.

“One might suppose that the late visit of death to the house would warn them not to sin by wholesale. I found Redheugh a wreck; they had had a sale of their things, which, to prevent their goods being damaged by removal, I had permitted to take place at Redheugh, waiting myself most impatiently at Paris until it was over; and then I returned to find that they had taken advantage of this to sell my property as well as their own. I had no idea of sitting down calmly wronged. I set off after them without waiting to see Aurelia, and got all those things I most valued back again. I made the woman (who sickened me with her affectation of grief, ‘How could she, at such a time, think of such things? It was most sad, truly; but her heart was so crushed, she was even then wholly bewildered.’) sign a paper

containing a list of all those things that were mine. I got the auctioneer to give me a schedule of the sum for which they were sold. I made her repay me the money ; and then I employed a solicitor to go round and collect them all, which he did with very little loss. Then I sat down happy, really happy, spite of the upbraiding letters my late tenant poured in upon me for ruining her character.

“I had worked hard ; I had done what was right ; I was happy. Then I sent for Aurelia, and was pleased, poor soul, at the joy and delight she manifested at seeing me.

“She was a striking instance of the evils of unbecoming companionship—dressed in tawdry finery, with a flow of slang phrases of which I knew not the meaning. I think even her mother would have been shocked to witness the change in her pretty Aurelia.

“‘And you look so nice, dear—so fashionable; and haven’t you never got a beau yet? The doctor was thinking every day we should hear of your being a foreign countess, or something grand.’

“ ‘And how is Doctor Home?’

“ ‘Oh, very well; he has given up doctoring long ago. I wasn’t going to allow that, and we keeping our carriage.’

“ ‘Did you have your money tied up?’

“ ‘Yes, of course, Olympia; we had some put by.’

“ ‘How much?’

“ ‘Well, about half; and I wish we hadn’t done that—we are much pinched this year, and they say we haven’t another penny to spend. I can’t tell how it is; neither can the doctor.’

“ ‘You have spent 14,000*l.*, besides your income, during the five years of my absence.’

“ ‘So they say; but I am sure I can’t tell how; neither can the doctor. We are not extravagant.’

“ ‘You have only that one brat?’

“ ‘No, only the one; but oh! Olympia, he is such a beauty, such a darling; and I never was parted from him a night before.’

“ ‘I could not withstand her tears. I-

thought, after all, he must be my heir. Aurelia looks old, and very ill; he may be left to my care. I had better see him at once, and get fond of him while he is yet a child and innocent.

“So, unknown to her, I sent my servant off for him; and we were at tea when he arrived.

“Pamela my sister was just putting her cup to her lips, when we heard, outside the door, the pretty, soft tones of a child’s voice, full of glee and happiness. The cup fell from her hands; one look of gratitude she gave to me, and rushed to the door, just in time to receive into her arms a boy so beautiful—I never saw sculpture, painting, or nature show one so fair.

“‘And, Mamma dear,’ he said, kissing her again and again, ‘where is my Auntie, who was so kind as to send for me? where is my darling Auntie.’ Little hypocrite even then!

“But I took him at once into my arms,